

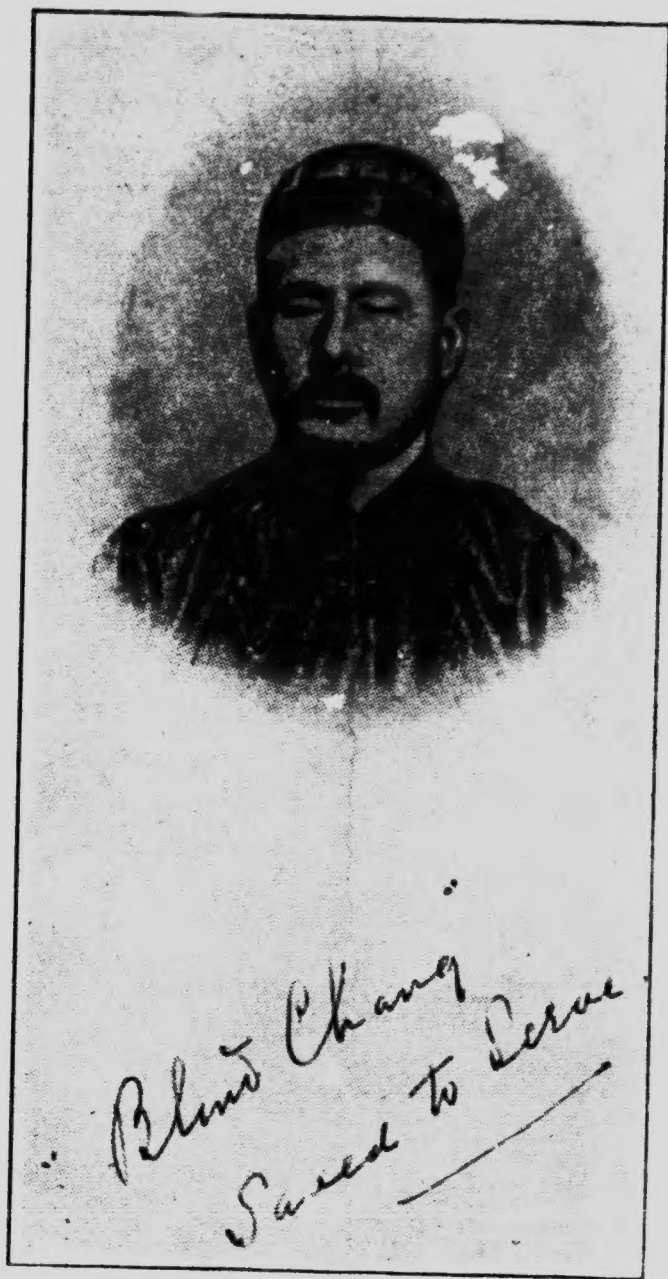
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**Missionary
Martyr of
Manchuria**

**By (Mrs. J.)
Rosalind Goforth**

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"I will bring the blind by
a way that they know not :
I will lead them in paths
that they have not known :
I will make darkness light
before them, and crooked
things straight. These
things will I do unto them
and not forsake them."



Blind Chang

Missionary
Martyr of
Manchuria



by
(Mrs. J.) Rosalind Goforth

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foreword . . .

IT IS NOT LONG SINCE WE, a small band of five missionaries, seeking a field for our Presbyterian Church in Canada, realized our steps were being led, strangely, unexpectedly and wonderfully, out of the danger and darkness, the horror and chaos of war-torn China, into the calm and quiet of what later proved to be indeed a prepared habitation in the city of Szepingkai, Manchuria.

What a contrast it all was! It was as light from darkness, as calm after storm. We could carry on our work without let or hindrance while thousands of missionaries were being driven from their stations a few hours by train to the South of us.

A few months later we had occasion to stay in the home of a missionary in Mukden. Here we heard the story of Blind Chang, whose native village was but a short distance from where we lived. Those who read this story will not wonder we decided there and then to pass it on to others. If there is a finer example of one literally following in the footsteps of the Lord Jesus Christ, even to the giving up of life itself for others, we have not come across it.

We desire here to gratefully acknowledge help given us, in collecting data, by more than one missionary; specially have we valued the use of Rev. James Inglis' booklet on Blind Chang, without which we could not have compiled the following story.

Szepingkai, Manchuria.

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Blind Chang ▲ ▲ ▲

Missionary Martyr of Manchuria . .

CHAPTER ONE

The Miracle Wrought

*"Behold, I am the LORD . . . is there any-
thing too hard for Me?"*

*"Ah, Lord God! behold . . . there is nothing
too wonderful (margin) for Thee."—Jeremiah 32:
27, 17.*

THE COUNTRY around Szepingkai has a peculiar formation, somewhat resembling great ocean swells after a storm. Nestling in one of these undulations, protected from the fierce winds which sweep Manchuria from the desert reaches of Mongolia, lies the village of Taipingkow (Valley of Peace). Here Chang Shen was born, and most probably would have lived and died in that region, quite unknown to the outside world, had it not been for certain rumours which, in the winter of 1886, came floating in concerning a wonderful place in the city of Mukden some one hundred and twenty miles to the South. It was said that the foreign doctor there could cure all kinds of diseases, even

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blind men were known to have gone into the hospital and returned seeing.

Blind Chang, as he was called, was then thirty-six years of age. He listened with intense interest to these tales and hope gradually dawned within him, that he too might receive sight. At last his resolve was made—he would somehow make his way to Mukden.

Thus we find him one morning in May setting forth on his long tramp, without even a guide, only a stout stick with which to feel his way. The Chang clan was large and fairly well to do. They saw to it that he was provided with a little money and warm clothes, for the nights at that time of the year were very cold.

All went well for the first part of the journey; but when still more than a day's journey from Mukden he was suddenly set upon by robbers who took from him his little hoard of money, stripped him of his warm clothing and left him bruised and well-nigh helpless, by the roadside. One can imagine the plight of the blind man as, trembling with cold and rage, he pressed on. That night his only resting place was the cold brick floor of an open wayside temple. Here he contracted that dread disease of the East—dysentery. How he made the rest of his way to the hospital in Mukden he himself afterwards could hardly tell.

On reaching the hospital gateway, too exhausted

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to stand longer, he threw himself down beside the gate while word was sent in asking for his admittance. Soon a message came that the hospital was full, not a bed vacant, there was therefore no room for him. When this was told him, the blind man seemed not to hear and continued to lie there. Can we doubt but that it was indeed the Holy Spirit Himself who spoke to the hospital evangelist and caused him, at this juncture, to go out to the gate. As the evangelist looked down upon the cold, hungry, suffering, perhaps dying blind man, his heart strangely stirred within him. He had looked upon perhaps hundreds of cases as sad, some sadder, than this, but never had felt moved—nay impelled—to do what he did now. Stepping quickly into the hospital, he went direct to Dr. Christie and begged that the man at the gate *be given his own bed!*

How little did either doctor or evangelist know then what was in the balance! But the Lord knew this blind man was even then His chosen vessel to carry the cup of salvation to thousands in Manchuria, and in His own wonderful way opened what seemed an impassable door. Thus Blind Chang entered the Mission hospital where a new life for him was to begin.

For one month he remained in the hospital where relief and healing came to his suffering body, but only very partial sight to the blind eyes; at best he could

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but grope his way about with difficulty. Sad to say, this dim but still precious sight given him in the hospital was, not long after, totally and permanently destroyed by a "Needle Pricker" doctor, such as are found everywhere in the land.

The bitter disappointment Blind Chang must have felt at the failure to get back his sight was more than made up to him by the great joy with which he received the story of Redemption as it was unfolded to him in the hospital. He had, as you will see later, been a great sinner. The fact of forgiveness, when realized as his, came much as is described in the lines by John Masefield when he tells of a man, brutal, vulgarized, debauched, debased, as he comes suddenly into touch and acceptance of Jesus Christ—

*"I did not think, I did not strive,
The deep peace burnt by me alive.
The bolted door had broken in
I knew that I had done with
I knew that Christ had given me birth
To brother all the souls on earth.*



*I thought all earthly creatures knelt
From rapture at the joy I felt."*

Dr. Christie later wrote: "Never had we a patient in our hospital who received the Gospel with such joy as Blind Chang. The rapidity with which he grasped the leading truths of Christianity was remarkable."

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Before leaving the hospital for home, the blind man went to the Rev. James Webster and asked for baptism. He was anxious to get rid of all his sins and be cleansed from his black past. Mr. Webster saw that he needed further instruction for the man thought being baptized by the missionary would ensure him of complete cleansing. Gently but firmly the missionary made it plain that Chang must return home and show by his life the reality of his faith, then later he, Mr. Webster, would visit him and if he still wished to follow the Lord he would be baptized.

Blind Chang's disappointment at this was so keen the missionary almost repented his decision, but reasoned that if the man were sincere he could only profit by the delay. So, with a few Christian books and tracts for distribution, he was sent on his way.

Yes, Blind Chang had a "black past". It may be that the secret of his great passion later for making Christ known to other sinners such as he had been, was that "he loved much because much had been forgiven." One would fear indeed to use the following words of the Apostle Paul in describing the change wrought in this man did not his after life fully bear out the truth of each word.

When he left the mission hospital in Mukden, he was "A new creation in Christ Jesus." "Old things

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had passed away . . . all things had become new." He had "put off the old man with his deeds . . . he had put on the new man." In Blind Chang's own hymn given at the close of this sketch, we get a glimmer of the inner spiritual life which came to be his. A life of sweet fellowship with the Saviour who through all the hard years was to be his Guide and Companion.

But what of that "black past"? Is it necessary to give any details of it? Yes, for otherwise we could not know how real, how great, was the miracle of grace which had taken place in him. The following facts were given us by a relation of Blind Chang's many years after his martyrdom. We were told he bore a very bad name throughout his home region. He was an inveterate gambler, and a man of such immoral life as to be a by-word, and that in a land where such lives are not uncommon. He made his living by acting as a sort of Official and using his self-assumed power to prey upon the people who feared him. His only child, a daughter, he turned out of doors, to be forced into beggary and a life of shame. Not long after he drove his wife from home. Seventeen days after the wife had gone he became totally blind. Some said this was a judgment upon him because of his evil life, while others said it was the *direct result* of that life. The people spoke of him as a "Wu soa pu wei te", meaning "One without a particle of good in him."

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Men's faith staggers at this or that miracle, but what greater miracle can be recorded than such a life as this, changed, not gradually, but as quickly as the human eye can open to the light? It is the miracle of the New Birth and we have seen this miracle in evidence again and again as slaves of sin and habit, bound with chains as real and strong as any forged in a furnace, have had their fetters snapped by the grace of God through faith making the soul a free man in Christ.

"Ah! Lord God, Truly "THERE IS NOTHING TOO
WONDERFUL FOR THEE."



CHAPTER TWO

From the Overflow of Heart

*"Thy soul must overflow if thou
Another soul would'st reach;
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech."*

—H. Bonar.

AS BLIND CHANG faced the homeward journey his heart was filled with intense joy. So full was he that he could no more help overflowing than a vessel placed under an open tap could keep the precious flow within its own bounds. The blind man had caught the same vision as the little child we heard of in the Welsh revival who, after hearing the grown-ups praying to be filled with the Holy Spirit, rose and with clasped hands, upraised, prayed, "O Lord! I'm only a little girl and can't hold very much. Will you please *fill me to overflow, for I can overflow lots!*"

Along the road the blind man travelled to his home were open wayside drinking places, where wayfarers sat, rested, drank hot water and chatted. On reaching such a place Blind Chang would seat himself at a table, and at once begin to tell the Old, Old Story which never, never grows old. That he gave out with power

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the little he himself knew was evidenced by the crowds he drew around him. Thus before reaching home his ministry had begun.

The enemy of souls, however, was not going to let this man go without a struggle. While still on the homeward journey, he became assailed with tormenting doubts and fears. He kept asking himself—"Can it be the missionary is no better than the smooth-tongued liars I have dealt with? Can it be that the missionary is after all no better than ourselves? Did he say he would visit and baptize me just to put me off, and has no intention of coming?" When the ground seemed to be giving way from under his feet, as it were, the Lord sent a dream to comfort him. Later he said how this dream dispelled all doubts and fears and restored the joy and peace he seemed to be losing.

He dreamt he saw the Saviour coming toward him in glowing white. He had a book in His hand, and a crown was upon His brow. As He handed him the book He smiled down upon him and then vanished. This dream to the blind man meant not only a strengthener to his weak, failing faith, but was much more—it came to him as a personal Divine call to carry the Gospel to others. In thus being influenced by a dream Blind Chang was by no means alone among the Christians of China. Were the history of

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the Christian Church in China written it would doubtless record hundreds of cases where men have been brought to decision, delivered from fear, strengthened in faith, and given courage to face even death itself, through a dream.

* * * * *

Five months passed before Mr. Webster found himself sufficiently free from pressing mission matters to pay his promised visit to the blind man. There were no railways in Manchuria then and it was with some difficulty Taipingkow was located. Here we will allow Mr. Webster to tell his own story.

"At the entrance to the village two men were standing. Addressing one I found him to be a Mr. Li who knew all about the blind man. He led me into his home with much ceremony and while we drank tea together he told me a story which caused me to forget all hunger and weariness. He told how when Blind Chang returned home from Mukden he began at once to tell the people the story of Jesus, going from village to village, and into as many homes as would receive him; then in the evenings he would preach to hundreds gathered under the shade of the willow trees. At first everybody laughed at him or thought him crazed and pitied him. But when he still kept on preaching, and giving practical proofs of having undergone a change, people became divided about him. Some cursed him,

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some blessed him. In short the whole countryside was in an uproar. Week after week passed, the blind man daily praying his prayer for help from on high and singing his one hymn learnt in Mukden (probably 'Jesus Loves Me'), then sallying forth alone to tell the story of Redeeming Love."

Well indeed might the missionary's heart burn within him on hearing such news. Would that every newborn child of God at home and abroad could have such told of them. This world would then soon be a better world. But where was Blind Chang? He was in the village but had missed the missionary, and on hearing of his arrival started with great joy to find him. The missionary by this time had also started with Mr. Li to find Blind Chang. They met on the road and as the blind man came within hailing distance Mr. Webster called him by name. He stood stock still for a moment resting on his staff, as if to assure himself, and then with his face radiant with joy, and great tears dropping from his eyes, he exclaimed in a voice trembling with emotion, "Oh, Pastor! I always said you would come. You promised!"

That night Mr. Webster was kept busy till after midnight. He had for his bed-fellows Blind Chang and a friend of his. (Chinese beds can accommodate from six to twenty people.) He tells how the last thing heard somewhere in the small hours of the morn-

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ing, was an earnest discussion regarding the difference between Confucious and Christ. Confucious was likened to the man who discoursed on the advantages of walking circumspectly to a man who had fallen into a deep pit, while Christ was compared to another who, on seeing the man's helpless condition, threw him a rope and helped him out.

The following two days was a never-to-be-forgotten experience for the missionary. Hour after hour of the first day was spent in examining candidates for baptism, each one given a private interview. On the following day the nine who had been accepted were baptized and partook of the Lord's Supper. Mr. Webster wrote of this occasion: "I have seldom had more satisfaction with candidates than with these men. I have never witnessed a more interesting scene, nor joined in a more solemn and joyful sacramental service. The nine men were headed by their blind guide, who had to be led by the hand to receive the sacred rite. Professing to come to Christ and to believe in Him, and to venture their all in thus believing, they declared their intention to forsake the idolatry of their fathers, casting it forth root and branch; expressing their desire through grace to turn from evil and serve the living God—and all this with a warmth of purpose impossible to describe."

For five years Blind Chang continued to work for

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the most part throughout his home region, which included Szepingkai and many other towns and villages. By 1892 one hundred and seventy had been received into the Church by baptism. At numbers of centres Christian services were held regularly and later seven chapels came to be erected as a result of this work. One Christian remarked to the missionary when he was on one of his annual visits, "If Chang Shen had not lost his eyesight there would be no Church here."

There was one element in all this which must not be overlooked, and though hard on the blind man was really the means of thrusting him forth in a way which resulted in his remarkable pioneer life. As time passed the seeing Christians came to realize that they knew more than their teacher. Some of these converts were men of gifts and means and eminently fitted to be leaders in the Church, who could carry on the work far better than the blind evangelist. It was thus that God turned his affliction into a means of blessing for many of his countrymen.

Mr. Inglis truly wrote of Blind Chang: "His was but to kindle the light and then pass on." C. H. Spurgeon once said, "Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties." This surely could apply to the blind evangelist of whom we write. Another has said: "The cost of shining is burning."

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So it is the life of this man has come down to later generations here in Manchuria as a bright light. We have recently met Christians who were the grandchildren of men won to Christ through Blind Chang. Those who still live who knew him and those who only know of him through the testimony of others alike speak with reverence and affection of his devoted self-sacrificing life.



CHAPTER THREE

A Peer of Pioneers

*"Measure thy life by loss, not gain;
Not by the wine drunk, but by the wine poured
forth;
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice;
And whoso suffers most has most to give."
From "Sermon in the Hospital."*

BEFORE FOLLOWING Blind Chang in his wider ministry, we must say a word regarding the man himself. Mr. Inglis describes him thus: "A remarkable man, with a voice soft and mellow beyond any Chinese I have ever met. He speaks with great rapidity, his words seeming to flow from his lips like the ceaseless murmur of a brook." Men listened to him open-mouthed with wonder and superstitious awe. One man, the missionary's carter, was overheard to say: "What strange influence makes this man so much more eloquent than any who can see?"

Early in his Christian life Blind Chang formed the habit of fasting. Frequently he went without food for three days, and on one occasion he was known to go without nourishment for three weeks. In spite, or who knows, because of this, he was said to be strong

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and even robust. Mr. Inglis considered perhaps the most remarkable thing about this man was his memory. He seemed to have learned the whole New Testament off by heart, and could quote from the Old Testament, which, at that time, was an unexplored field to most Christians. He always quoted by chapter and verse.

Had it not been for the instruction given him during two visits made to the Blind School, Peking, where he learned to both read and write, the Bible would have been to him a sealed book. Upon his return to Manchuria after his last visit to Peking he brought with him such portions of the Scriptures as had been stereotyped for the blind. For a time he carried a portion of the Scriptures with him wherever he went. Great interest was created and crowds gathered to see the marvel of a blind man reading with the tips of his fingers! It was not much wonder, however, to learn later that Blind Chang had abandoned this plan. Even one portion of the Scriptures was large and cumbersome, and as time passed the blind man's journeys were often distant and dangerous.

As we come now to what is really the most important part of our story, the writer realizes how inadequate are her powers to visualize for the reader this man's life as lived for those twelve years when his ministry led, for the most part, away from his home region. Blind Chang, from the time of his conversion

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had the spirit and vision of the PIONEER. There seemed to be that within him which kept him ever seeking to reach the *most* needy—those untouched, unreached by the Gospel. Think of this man—blind, for the most part alone, with but his stout staff to depend on, sometimes with a child, rarely an adult, as guide; tramping over rough mountain roads, dangerous for those who could see; ever onward, ever with that impelling desire to make Christ known to sinners such as he had been; ever eager to tell the story of what the Lord had done for him; and this year after year in cold and heat, in a climate of great extremes, for twelve years.

A few weeks ago we had the privilege of a talk with one who over thirty years ago had acted several times as Blind Chang's guide. He was then a mere boy of fourteen but well remembers what those journeys meant. He told us how the blind man often met with bitter persecution and endured great hardships, especially when going to a new region. Children were encouraged to pelt him with clods or bricks, curses were hurled after him as the people drove him from their doors. Worst of all the dogs were set upon him. It was this last fact which sent a thrill of horror through us as we heard it, for we too had had some experience of the fierceness of these great mongrel, half-starved Chinese dogs. What such attacks must

have meant to one blind and unable to fend their onslaughts who can describe! Yet none of these things moved him, neither counted he his life dear unto him, for again he would return seeking a hearing for his wonderful soul-saving, life-giving message, till public opinion turned in his favour and victory came. Doors opened, and being blind, he was allowed to spend hours in the daytime teaching the women and children while the men were busy in the fields. When evening came the men gathered in summer time under the trees, in winter in the homes, while Blind Chang gave to them all he knew. He had one message. He preached Jesus to them for he knew nothing but Christ and Him crucified. One missionary, in speaking of Blind Chang's message says: "The one truth Blind Chang emphasized was that Christ delivered sinners by his death on the Cross, and this one fact entered the hearts of his hearers with such power that it became the spring of a truly Christian life."

Some of these converts were able to pray, not in the usual set phraseology used by many Chinese Christians, but in a manner that showed they had learned the secret of fellowship with God. In grateful return for the blind man's teaching women cooked, washed, sewed, and mended for him. Then, as we have already indicated, the time would come when the Christians felt he had given them all he knew and some began to

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realize they knew more and were better able to carry on with the work than he. Then it was Blind Chang came to feel the old pioneer spirit take possession of him. On he would press to "Regions Beyond" untouched, there to go through the same hardships, endure the same persecutions, yes, and to gain the same victories as before. And all this gladly, willingly, because of his Christ-like passion for the souls of men.

Mr. Inglis tells us that *wherever* Blind Chang went the light of the Gospel entered. That he was ever keen to be about his Master's business may be seen from the fact that not a few of the boys who acted as his guides became Christians. As one of these lads led the blind man, each holding the end of a stick, the story of Christ's love was told with such tenderness the boy's heart was won to yield himself to the Lord. The missionary who baptized several of these boys writes: "What delighted me was the frank and hearty way these boys had accepted the story of Christ's love as told to them by the blind man."

It is only possible in this brief record to give the story of just one place where Blind Chang carried the Gospel as we have described. While still working for the most part in his home region, he felt pressed to take a journey several days eastward to a glen among the mountains called Teshengkow (Valley of Victory), where a kinsman lived. Here, as elsewhere, he preached

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Christ daily in the surrounding homes and villages. After remaining about two months he returned home. Soon word came begging him to return, as many were enquiring the way of Salvation. Again he faced what now he knew was a most difficult, stoney path. Again he gave two months to preaching and leading on the enquirers. He had not gone from the little group of believers long when urgent messages were sent to Mukden asking for instructors. In response to these calls Dr. Ross and Mr. Inglis started for Teshengkow the autumn of 1891.

For *seven days* they travelled part of the way through forests, and part over mountain roads. Through all that great region the missionary tells us "There was not one who had heard of the Saviour." But on the last day of their journey they began to realize "The sacred fire was alight." Scarcely had they seated themselves in the inn when three men entered, giving them the Christian salutation "Ping an" (Peace with you). On this first visit Dr. Ross baptized several converts but as there was no leader and as time passed the work languished.

Two years went by and again Blind Chang, hearing of the condition of the church at Teshengkow, felt pressed to visit them. On his arrival he lost no time in visiting the Christians. Throughout the entire region the blind evangelist tramped, stirring up the Christians,

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winning new converts, and putting new life into all. A real revival followed, and, from that time the work went on; once a year the missionary visiting to baptize and hold Communion and the blind evangelist returning from time to time to visit "his children in the faith." By 1898 about one thousand converts had been received into the church in that region.

For some years previous to 1898 the anti-missionary, anti-Christian attitude of the Chinese seemed to be decreasing until there came to be what we might call a pro-Christian wave pass over Manchuria. During this short period numbers entered the Christian Church. Little did any, either missionary or Chinese Christian, dream this was but as the calm before the storm. The winter of 1899-1900 was not far advanced before the rumblings of the tempest could be heard.



CHAPTER FOUR

The Martyrdom . . .

"Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends."

TOWARDS THE CLOSE of 1890 a society came to be heard of in China, calling themselves the "I Ho Chwan" meaning "Righteous, united fighters." These came to be called by foreigners "Boxers". These Boxers were bitterly anti-foreign, their hatred extended to the Chinese Christians as they considered them the followers of the foreigner. Men joining this society trained with one object, to sweep away all foreigners and all Christians. Their numbers increased with unbelievable rapidity.

During the winter of 1900 the rumours concerning the doings of this society seemed like, as I have already said, the rumblings of a coming storm, though practically all foreigners believed that in time the danger would pass as other like troubles had done before. Then early in May the cyclone of horror was suddenly let loose, and so sudden and unexpected was it when it did come, hundreds of missionaries and Chinese Christians failed to reach a place of safety and were done to death by the merciless Boxers.

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When the clouds of persecution began to gather Blind Chang was visiting the Christians at Tesheng-kow. All felt he would be a marked man and therefore had one of the Christians there lead him further into the mountains where he could hide safely till the troubles passed. It was in this safe hiding place that Blind Chang was to meet the supreme test of his life.

Several hundred *li* distant in a city called Chao-yangshan about fifty Christians were seized by the Boxers. They were threatened with death and as preparations were being made for their execution a man spoke up to one of the Boxer leaders saying: "You are certainly foolish to kill all these. For one Christian you may kill ten will spring up while that man Chang Shen lives. Kill him and you may crush the sect."

As a result of this advice the Boxer leaders promised to save the lives of the Christians if they handed Blind Chang over to them for execution. For a time none would hear of this but when things again looked serious for the Christians one man, weaker than the rest, went in search of Blind Chang to give him word of what was taking place. When this man reached Blind Chang's hiding place and told his story the blind evangelist listened silently through it all, while a look of strange eagerness came over his face, and as the man finished, without a sign of doubt as to what he

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should do, Blind Chang reached out his hand, saying: "I will gladly die for them. Take me to them for it is better that it be so."

Over that long, stoney path they travelled for days, the burning sun of July beating down upon them. Did the blind man's heart fail within him at times? If so he did not reveal it. On reaching Chaoyangshan he was arrested and bound. His quiet dignity and absence of any sign of fear impressed and awed his enemies.

The details of those sad but gloriously victorious scenes have come to us from several sources and differ slightly, but only in minor details.

The day of his arrival at Chaoyangshan Blind Chang was taken bound to the temple of Kwan Kung (god of war). Wild crowds had gathered and on reaching the temple he was dragged inside and commanded to worship the gods. To this he replied with quiet dignity, probably the only calm one in the midst of that throng of savage and merciless tormentors:

"I can only worship One Living and True God."

"But you must repent", they cried.

"I have repented long ago", was the quiet answer.

"Then will you believe in Buddha?" To this he

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replied: "I believe in the one true Buddha even Jesus Christ."

When again he was commanded to bow before the gods, he exclaimed, "Turn my face towards the sun." He knew the idols faced the South so by him facing South *his back* would therefore be towards the idols. As they turned him he knelt down and worshipped the God of Heaven and Earth.

While this was going on the Boxer leaders with fifteen executioners were on their way from a town twenty-five miles away. We know nothing of the terrible days between, but from what we have heard concerning the methods of torture used in many other cases, we cannot but realize those days must have tested the blind hero to the utmost. Yet he did not fail throughout that furnace of horror.

Three days after his arrest, on the 22nd of July, 1900, Blind Chang was placed on an open cart at eight o'clock in the morning, and driven through the streets of the town amidst great crowds to the common burial ground outside the city wall. Christians followed beside the cart and witnessed the blind man all the way, either engaged in prayer or singing aloud:

*"Jesus loves me, he who died
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.*

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*Jesus loves me, He will stay,
Close beside me all the way;
If I love Him when I die,
He will take me home on high."*

On arrival at the place of execution Blind Chang was dragged from the cart and forced to kneel down; as he did so he cried with a loud voice, "Heavenly Father, receive my spirit." This he said three times but before the third sentence ended the swords of his murderers fell upon him from behind and cut him down.

The Christians begged for his body but the Boxer leader refused their request and forced them to buy oil with which to burn the mangled remains to ashes. This was done because a report had spread abroad that Blind Chang would rise from the dead; the Boxers thought therefore to make this impossible. Later these men became afraid for they had come to believe the man whom they had killed was a good man. This fear caused them to flee to other parts to escape the revenge they believed his spirit would wreak upon them. With the leaders gone no further persecution of the Christians followed.

When the Boxer uprising had passed and at least outward repentance had come, the Provincial Government of Manchuria ordered a handsome stone monument to be erected in honour of the man whose memory

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was being cherished with love and reverence in the hearts of many thousands throughout the land. As a mark of their regard for Blind Chang the official order was given that the highest number of dragons next to that allowed on Imperial tombs, namely eight, were to be carved on the stone monument.

We cannot close this brief sketch better than by giving in full the one hymn which has come down to us from the hand of the blind hero. As one reads these lines they seem to breathe something of the closeness and preciousness of the Saviour to the soul of Blind Chang as he trod those hard, lonely paths.



JESUS MY GUIDE

Jesus my Guide! 'tis my delight!
Peace fills my soul, He is my Guide.
In toil or rest, by day or night,
Jesus is ever by my side.

My Guide is Jesus day by day,
His hand of mercy claspeth mine;
He is my Guide, on Him I stay,
Upon His right hand I recline.

BLIND CHANG: Missionary Martyr

Fast hold of Jesus' hand I take
Life's journey through to Heaven's gate,
Nor weal, nor woe, my hope can shake,
Jesus is Guide, on Him I wait.

*Victor I stand when life is done,
O'er outer foes and sin's foul brood,
Jesus my Guide, I trust alone,
I shall not dread the coldest flood.*

(Translated by the Rev. John Ross, D.D.)



*The monument
erected to the
memory of
Blind Chang by
the Manchurian
Government*



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